UNITY

FREEDOM FELLOWSHIP AND CHARACTER IN RELIGION

(Jenkin Lloyd Jones, Editor 1880-1918)

Editors

John Haynes Holmes Francis Neilson

East and West

By RABINDRANATH TAGORE

Do Theories Count?

By ALSON H. ROBINSON

A Time for Plain-Speaking

By JOHN HAYNES HOLMES

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UNITY

"HE HATH MADE OF ONE ALL NATIONS OF MEN"

VOL. LXXXVIII. THURSDAY, DECEMBER 8, 1921 NUMBER 13

WHAT TIME IS IT?

What time is it by the Almighty's clock,
Whose pendulum, with sweep deliberate,
Links age to age?
Is midnight on its way,
Or morning?
How impenetrably deep
The darkness!
Time is reckoned from the hour
When Chaos crystallized. Creation's count
Commenced with evening; it may be that man's
Long-lasting day began at twilight's fall
And never yet saw sunrise.
Legend says
There was a golden age, with all the world
Contentedly at peace; when lust of rule
And carnage were unknown; was that full day
Or was it moonlit evening?
Faith persuades
That all the years oblivion has engulfed
Were only Time's beginning hours; that this
Dense darkness is not that of deepening night,
But shrouds the hour that beckons to the dawn.

How long must night enduring baffle hope?
What time is it? Heaven speed the break of Day!

W. C. RODMAN.

UNITY has the honor to announce another important addition to its staff of foreign representatives. Under date of "4 *Novembre*, 1921," M. GEORGES DEMARTIAL of Paris writes as follows:

"Je suis très heureux d'avoir eu de vos nouvelles. Je prendrai connaissance avec beaucoup d'interêt du numere de Novembre d'Unity, où vous exposez votre plan. Et je puis vous assurer dès maintenant que j'accepte tres volontiers d'être le correspondant de votre association en France."

M. Demartial is one of those great souls in France who, amid all the sweeping passions of the last few years, has preserved inviolate the international mind. He has seen from the beginning the distributed responsibility for the Great War; and now, in a general confession of guilt and shame by all the European powers, seeks that peace of reconciliation which can alone heal the ills and repair the wreckage of the stricken continent. He is conspicuous among that little group of Frenchmen who are today remaining steadfastly true to the best ideals of their race, and thus saving to the world that reputation of France which her insane militarists are doing their utmost to destroy. M. Demartial, in thought and spirit and heroic life, stands for everything that UNITY has ever sought to serve. His presence on our staff is sincerely appreciated; and his contributions to our columns will be awaited with eager interest.

The Conference for the Limitation of Armaments is tumbling down fast and far from the exceeding high mountain to which it seemed to be lifted on the opening day of its sessions. The failure of the representatives of the great powers to do anything more than to accept Secretary Hughes's program "in principle," whatever that "smoke-screen" phrase may mean, was the first step downward from the heights. Balfour's specific objection to the ten years' naval holiday, Japan's stalling on the ratio of reduction of capital ships, and France's insistence on a fleet of submarines, were further steps in the same direction. Decent foothold was lost altogether when Premier Briand made his famous speech; and the descent into Avernus became a crashing avalanche when the representatives of America and England failed to rebuke on the spot this madman's scream. President Harding has done his best to save the Conference from shipwreck by bringing forward his idea of an Association of Nations, but it looks now as though he had only complicated an already desperate situation. The fact of the matter is, of course, that we were never really on the heights at all! Secretary Hughes's program was important only in the dramatic manner of its presentation. It provided for a limitation of armaments only in terms of economy, and left untouched the real problem of the effective war weapons of the future. As for war itself, "this saving," writes one of the friendliest critics that we have seen (Bruce Bliven in *The New Republic*, November 30th), "does not by a hair's breadth lessen the likelihood of the recurrence of war." If we are tumbling into the trough of the waves, it is only because we never should have been lifted up. Later developments have only revealed what was latent from the beginning.

Let us give credit, however, where credit is due, and mark progress where progress is achieved! What could be more cheering than the manner, entirely apart from its substance, of Mr. Hughes's proposal at the opening session of the Conference! In the old way, the scheme for the limitation of armaments, if proposed at all, would have been put before Balfour and Kato secretly and in advance. They would have rejected it with scorn. It would have been withdrawn and never heard of. The English people and the Japanese people never would have known of the great chance their diplomats had cheated them out of. But Mr. Hughes blocked that game by telling 300 corres-

pondents of the press of the world all about it as soon as the delegates knew it. However incapable the author of "open covenants openly arrived at" may have been of achieving his ideal, the idea of open diplomacy had been planted in the minds of the people the world over, and Hughes applied it on one occasion, at least, with a bang.

The next most cheering thing that has happened at the Conference, was China's presentation of what we may call her "Ten Points." At bottom these constituted a solemn and fearless declaration, with specifications attached, of China's desire to be let alone by the imperialistic nations that have been preying upon her for so long. The replies vouchsafed to her were of a character to make even the most cynical of the newspaper correspondents writhe in mortification and disgust. When, as a climax, Elihu Root brought forward his four resolutions on the subject of China, all of them pious repetitions of statements of policy adopted many times before by the powers concerned, but never once lived up to in any slightest particular, insult was added to injury with a vengeance. For ourselves we must confess that such hope as we had been cherishing for some successful outcome of the Conference, began speedily to disappear at the enactment of this ghastly farce. We shall be among the first to throw our hats into the air and cheer for peace, when the great powers get out of China, but we have got to have more assurance than the pious platitudes thus far adopted. One of the Unity Fellowship writes us, in a private letter: "I take it that we are moving to an understanding between the economic and political rulers of Great Britain and America for a joint, or perhaps better, an agreed exploitation of Asia, with the corresponding Japanese rulers obliged to come in willy-nilly, and take what they can get. Such an agreed course of action makes it possible, of course, to reduce armaments against one another, lessening by so much the overhead of imperialism, and thus enabling us to go ahead for a further period of years without repentance and rebuilding." Of such a concordat, China would be the first victim, and another universal war the inevitable result.

To attempt to smother the cries of protest that come from human hearts against "man's inhumanity to man" is as futile as King Canute's attempt to stay the tides of the sea. On the eleventh day of November, above all the music of a thousand bands and the booming of a thousand guns, sounded the solemn words spoken by Mrs. Julia McCudden, the British war mother delegate at the burial of the unknown soldier, and by Mrs. Ernest Digney, the official American war mother, in solemn pledge each to the other: "I pledge with all my heart and soul that, so long as I live, I will never raise my hand again to assist in any armed conflict between nations." We wish that this were the pledge of all British mothers with all American mothers today; if it were, the Disarmament Conference could adjourn upon the instant *sine die*, for there would be nothing to discuss. War would be already ended forthwith! As it is, we believe that there is enough sentiment in the world opposed to war, to achieve our highest, farthest hopes of peace, if only it could be mobilized. We repeat what we have said in this place so many times before—that the solution of this problem waits upon the organization of a social machinery which will function as efficiently for peace as our present social machinery functions efficiently for war. It is a problem of democracy—the capacity of the people to master their own affairs and fulfill their own purposes!

We have set down in these columns many harsh words about Lloyd-George, for what may seem the rather extraordinary reason that we soberly believed them to be true. All that we have said, however, seems like soft strains of music as compared with the thunderbolts of denunciation hurled with crashing fury by Prof. Gilbert Murray in his new book, "Problems of Foreign Policy." Speaking of the action of the English Prime Minister at the Versailles Conference, this distinguished scholar, life-long Liberal and ardent advocate of the late war, writes as follows:

> It was for him (Lloyd-George) to choose plain good or plain evil. And he chose, deliberately, evil. . . I did not realize that anybody could be, I will not say so wicked, but so curiously destitute of generous ambition, so incapable of thinking greatly.

This is a terrible indictment, but we believe that it will stand the test of history. Nothing of good that Lloyd-George has done in the past, or may conceivably do in the future, will ever serve to counterbalance the infamy of his "khaki" election in 1918 and his work at the Peace Conference in 1919. It would be wholesome, also, if this same standard of judgment here applied to the English Premier by Prof. Murray, were applied also to the other men who sat about that great table at Versailles. It may be all right to talk about necessary compromises and adjustments; but when all has been said, the whole matter comes down to this simple proposition: It was for the conferees to choose plain good or plain evil. *"And (they) chose, deliberately, evil."*

A more extraordinary manifestation of stupidity than that demonstrated by the hierarchy of the Roman Catholic Church in New York City on the evening of Sunday, November 13, would be difficult to imagine. A meeting had been arranged by the First American Birth Control Conference to be held in the Town Hall

for the consideration of Birth Control. Directly upon the meeting being called to order, the police appeared in the midst of a quite orderly, though mystified, audience and arrested Mrs. Margaret Sanger and Mary Winsor, two of the speakers, for disorderly conduct. It presently developed that the complaint had originally come from Archbishop Hayes of the Roman Catholic Archdiocese, who sent to the meeting as his representative, Mgr. Joseph P. Dineen, who met Captain Donohue there, who stopped the meeting. Of course, the Archbishop was presently placed on the defensive, whereupon he had a good deal to say about the sanctity of the family, the patriotic obligation of all citizens to raise large families, the immortal injunctions of Theodore Roosevelt, and all that sort of thing. All of which is entirely beside the point, which is that we gave the Catholic Church credit for greater cleverness than this. Of course, the immediate, inevitable result imposed upon the committee in charge the necessity of seeking a much more commodious hall in which to hold the meeting. The meeting was held, enormous numbers of people who would never otherwise have heard of it clamoured for admission and were turned away. It may be recalled in this connection that only a few weeks ago a piteous wail went up from this same ecclesiastical quarter for assistance from the machinations of the K. K. K. Now, apparently, the Klanish Lion and the Churchly Lamb are lying in wait together for opportunities to violate those rights which it was originally intended that all honest people should enjoy of free speech and assembly. In any case, the Catholic Church is capable of much greater cleverness than this and at least merits hearty censure for its stupidity.

The search for Industrial Harmony might be considered a new variant of the old game we used to play when children, called "Button, Button, who's got the button?" However this may be, such a quest was adopted as the favorite pastime of the Unitarian Laymen's League at its meeting in September held at Narraganset Pier. Having expressed itself as unwilling to go on record as favoring any attempt at the limitation of armaments on the ground that this was a controversial subject, the meeting proceeded with a most extraordinary variety of innocence and naivete to declare itself heartily in sympathy with industrial harmony. It has commended this search to each of the local chapters within the organization, and at a later date they are to report upon the fruits of their quest. We fear that the conviction of the average disinterested person regarding this search for industrial harmony is that no such condition anywhere obtains, nor is there any genuine desire for it. It does seem a little difficult to treat such a quest seriously when the great basic industries such as transportation, mining, and the manufacture of steel are exemplifying the most perfect state of chaos and inefficiency. Some ardent seeker, however, suggests that Nash, the Golden Rule manufacturer, has the button; another, that Mr. Denison has it securely in his possession; or a third, that the benevolent autocracy of Henry Ford renders him an easy winner of the game. Of course, the inevitable answer of those who neither exemplify nor desire harmonious relations is that Nash and Denison are too young to play in such a game and therefore don't count; or that Henry Ford is too big and has no right to make faces at Wall Street or to worry the poor railroads by suggestions of inefficient management. We fear the Laymen's League has started a lugubrious game and suggest that it confine its Pollyannaisms to more appropriate fields. Much more thorough-going economic changes than are suggested by any of our existing institutions are necessary before the ambitious quest of this organization can be realized.

It is an extraordinary event, well worthy of public note, that the leading musical composer of Germany, Herr Richard Strauss, and the leading musical composer of France, M. Vincent d'Indy, are both in this country at the present moment. The two men are to be rated among the half-dozen most famous musicians of the present age; they have written immortal works, and exercised a profound and lasting influence upon modern music. They are as different, however, in personality and type of genius, as the cultures of the two countries which they have respectively glorified. Strauss marks the triumphant culmination of that main line of musical evolution which, originating in the early romantic school of Germany, attained the full sweep and power of its inspiration in the works of Liszt and Wagner. In the greatest of his symphonic poems—*"Also Sprach Zarathustra," "Don Juan," "Don Quixote," "Todt und Verklarung," "Heldenleben"*—and in his two operas, *"Salome"* and *"Elektra,"* Strauss has carried the principles of this school to the farthest point of development. The barrenness of the music written since Strauss, and by Strauss himself in these later years, demonstrates that the end has come to this epoch of momentous achievement. D'Indy, in contrast, represents the fine and delicate flowering of that exotic French school which, taking its inspiration from the great Cæsar Franck, has flourished in our time quite apart from the main highway. The elegant distinction of d'Indy, as of his late contemporary, Debussy, makes irresistible appeal to the artistic epicure; Strauss, by comparison, seems almost to be a brawler in the market-place, like his uncouth hero, Till Eulenspiegel. But the Frenchman makes no such general popular appeal; and in the end will be seen to have set up no such permanent landmark in the history of music.

Do Theories Count?

Large numbers of people have an idea that theories don't count. To establish a reputation as a theorist is to seriously handicap one's influence. A highly effective device and one to which resort is frequently made for the purpose of discrediting any innovation in the field of social or religious activity, is to damn it with the faint praise of being an excellent theory. Such an attitude, of course, quite overlooks the fact that in the field of natural science the power of theory is supreme. In spite of this domination of theory in the world of material phenomena, by means of which great masses of apparently conflicting facts and forces are brought into correlation and a recognition of orderly relationship, it has been an extremely difficult matter for most people to realize that the facts and forces of social phenomena, and all those intangible elements which go to make up civilization, can only be intelligently understood in terms of some such theoretical interpretation.

The world-shaking events of the past few years have pretty effectively dramatized the necessity for some such approach to social forces. As though it were not enough that half the crowns of Europe be scrapped with the result that millions of people are placed to a greater or less degree under the necessity of working out some theory of self-government, along comes Russia, and insists upon disregarding completely one of the most important links in the theoretical chain of Marxian socialism; that, namely, of capitalistic organization.

A theory, whether it applies to a person's individual philosophy of life, or in this great field of social enterprise, is fundamentally and essentially a plan. And as such, neither individual nor social progress is possible without it. Unless a person has worked out, more or less consciously, some social theory which may serve as a background of interpretation, this great volume of contemporary events will look more like a circus parade, than the solemn march of forces leading to the establishment of a new world order, or to the annihilation of western civilization.

As a matter of fact, the development of a theory regarding society is coincident with the very birth of human intelligence. The legendary narrative of the creation of man and of the world which the book of Genesis has preserved for us reflects many of the tendencies of the mind of primitive man. In the last analysis this entire body of literature may be described as a theory. It is based upon the conception of the Deity as an omnipotent artisan creating man, the beasts of the field, and the various forms of the vegetable world in complete accord with his personal likes and dislikes. According to such a theory this world, and all that is in it, all the activities upon which mankind has engaged, all our personal and collective relations, may be described as a huge toy, once set in motion by this supreme artisan. Such is the theory of society held practically by everybody up to a few generations ago; and in a modified and attenuated form the explanation advanced by large numbers of people today.

The year 1859 marked a revolution in man's thought concerning his physical origin, and of the institutions of modern society. Darwin himself vigorously objected to the application of his theory of the origin of species to any other field than that to which he applied it. But the temptation to make this theory fit every conceivable activity and interest of man was irresistible, at least to Herbert Spencer, who became the apostle of evolution in its widest possible application to the forms and movements of human society. What Spencer attempted to do was to show that this theory may be applied in explanation of the origin and development of art and literature, of religious and political movements and of industrial enterprise.

Carrying the analogy of the physical organism over into society, Spencer said there is a sustaining system which is made up of the industrial groups of society, a distributing system which is composed of the commercial groups, and a regulating system which embraces the political and religious agencies of society. To put the case in quite non-technical language, this organic theory of society declared that you can't treat society as though it were an automobile. There are no ready-make, standardized and interchangeable parts.

The solution of international issues is impossible unless this theory of society is constantly kept in mind. Wherein lies the significance of the tardy suggestions that are coming to us every day to the effect that any conferences or associations of the nations which exclude Russia and Germany may anticipate nothing but failure. Unconscious though it may be, they bear eloquent testimony to this theory that mankind is one. It was substantially upon this principle, particularly upon its economic side, that Mr. Keynes makes his appeal and indictment in his great book published three years ago. At that time there was violent opposition. Popular thought has undergone a great conversion since then, and every competent observer who returns from Europe says that Mr. Keynes was right.

Such a theory then, to the effect that society is an organism and not a mechanism, does count. It is based upon the most accurate information which we have regarding the constitution of human nature. Not only shall we get nowhere unless we weave it into the fabric of the new world order, with all the disturbing implications which it bears, but to disregard it is to court certain disaster.

The theory of the biologist, however, takes us but a short way upon our journey in quest of a satisfactory theory of society. In the last analysis, the links which bind society together are not material; they are psycho-

logical, or, as some might fittingly call them, spiritual links. One of the greatest pioneers in the field of social theory from this point of view is Prof. Wilhelm Wundt, late of Leipsig. Wundt maintained that the categories of language and grammar were not worked out in the mind of primitive man as though he were struggling over some problem in arithmetic, but that they were the result of a whole series of steps and conclusions which had been reached by the direct reaction of his mind upon his immediate environment.

Wundt believed that the same psychological forces were at work in the beginnings of that earliest human institution of all, the family. These early men were not hunting around for some formal relation in which men and women could live together in answer to their better impulses. By a process which seemed inevitable, they found themselves living substantially in the same family relation as obtains today, because to them, as to us, it was the natural and right thing to do. Now within this psychological field in its relation to any theory of society is included the entire scope of human activity in which mental processes are involved. The modern behaviorist interprets society in terms of the things that society does. But, obviously, statistics solve no problems, they merely show us what the problems are.

The social theory of the psychologist consists mainly in pointing out the fact that these outward manifestations are the result of certain human impulses which make man what he is, and that the task confronting us today is to determine with greater accuracy the nature of these impulses and to direct them in channels of constructive activity.

Among the elements which such a theory as this ought to emphasize is the fact that, whatever else he is, man is a creative animal, and his creativeness is a spiritual force. Obviously, the direction in which this creative impulse, which is responsible for so many of man's greatest achievements, needs to be guided is towards a co-operative world order. Many of the most significant factors in our contemporary life are quite unintelligible unless we look at them from this psychological level. The great forces which are at work in Washington today are not economic forces—powerful as they are. Upon what ground can one explain the remarkable reaction to the address of Mr. Hughes, unless it be in this field in which the creative impulses of man, among other invisible forces, stand supreme.

Here, then, are suggested two theories—the theory of the biologist and that of the psychologist—both of which count heavily in our understanding of present-day problems. There are numerous others—those of the economic determinist, the historian, the sociologist—and none of these theories is without significance. Let nobody ever again cast aspersions on your theory. Be sure your theory is as sound as you can make it, and then go ahead. ALSON H. ROBINSON.

A Time for Plain-Speaking

UNITY has frequently been criticized by some of its friends for uncharitable opinion and censorious judgment. More than once, when we have found ourselves desperately disappointed in men and measures, and thus persuaded to denunciation, we have been tempted to feel that our friends were right, and that there must be something wrong with our viewpoint, since events could not really be as bad as they seemed. No sooner have we got into this humble and repentant mood, however, than somebody seems almost certain to come along, to prove us to be the most sane and temperate of observers. We stand paralyzed at our own exceeding patience, gentleness and moderation!

Take the Versailles Treaty, for example! We thought we had said about everything that could be said about this "abomination of desolation," and the men responsible for it. We were inclined on occasion to think that protesters were right who declared that we were going altogether too far in our condemnation. But now comes Mr. Frank A. Vanderlip, banker, financier, good patriot, who has just returned to these shores from a five months' tour of Europe, and says a few words which demonstrate that, like Bottom, we have been roaring as gently as a cooing dove. Finding Europe on the very edge of collapse, Mr. Vanderlip testifies as follows:

> I think I could trace nearly every difficulty to one source, and it would be that poison Treaty of Versailles. I have come to believe that that Treaty was conceived in hatred and malice, in blindness and unwisdom, and that many if not all of the ills of Europe to-day are traceable to that Treaty. *There were atrocities committed at Versailles that are incomparably greater than any of the atrocities of the war.* They are continuing to cut off people's hands, to cut off the hands and legs of nations, and make millions of people suffer.

We believe this judgment of Mr. Vanderlip on the Versailles Treaty to be sound. It has been our judgment ever since the horror was perpetrated by Lloyd-George, Clemenceau, Wilson and their co-conspirators, although we have never commanded such language as Mr. Vanderlip's to describe it. UNITY, in other words, was right from the beginning, and supremely moderate in its statement of the facts. All well-informed and honest men now admit it; all current events, without exception, prove it.

But why speak of this now, you say? Why rub it in? Why rise up, like a cock on a dung-hill, and crow, "I told you so!" No reason at all, we answer, except that we, in the midst of another great crisis of the nations, are beginning to feel that another vast failure, or even crime, is secretly preparing, and do not want to be denounced all over again for some more plain-speaking! From the start, we took the position that the Washington Conference, in spite of the dishearten-

ing character of its personnel and agenda, must be supported and thus given every chance to accomplish something. When President Harding made his excellent inaugural speech and Secretary Hughes presented with admirable publicity his program of naval reduction, we declared that the Conference had opened auspiciously, and rejoiced that the exigencies of the situation were with us. When, to our vast astonishment, however, a sentimental press and an hysterical public accepted the Hughes program as a proclamation of the millennium, we felt obligated to protest that it involved nothing but a good beginning, of no great significance in itself, and to point out that already signs were appearing that even as a beginning it was in danger of being spoiled. This week, with the Chinese farce, the Briand speech and Harding's desperate "Association of Nations" gesture behind us, we are moved again to protest and denounce. A witches' broth is brewing! We are going to be fooled again, and in the same way, if we don't watch out! The Conference will stop just where Hughes placed it on the opening day, and will use a meaningless agreement for the scrapping of useless and expensive dreadnaughts, just as Versailles used the Covenant of the League of Nations, to cover up the failure, and worse than failure, to save mankind from the curse of war! Worse than this—the Conference, swayed by lust and intrigue, as Versailles was swayed by hatred and malice, will do with Asia what its predecessor did with Europe, and dazzle us with fine phrases and pious pretensions into believing that a great work of beneficence has been achieved!

In such a situation, there is no excuse for easy-going palaver and applause. As the Conference drags on, with secret sessions where business is done, and public performances where words are spoken, the wrath of the people should be aflame. Let the Conference act! It knows what it must do—let it *do* it! The Conference has it in its hands today to deliver a shattered world from chaos. The times demand it, the people pray for it! To evade this responsibility, to misuse it, would be a crime worse than the War, worse than the Peace! The last hope, short of the waste and horror of revolution, would be gone. If UNITY does some plain-speaking, therefore, do not be surprised. We shall be the first to acclaim success; but the first, also, we trust, to denounce failure, especially if it be dishonest failure! JOHN HAYNES HOLMES.

East and West*

It is not always a profound interest in man that carries travelers nowadays to distant lands. More often it is the facility for rapid movement. For lack of time and for the sake of convenience, we generalize, and crush human facts flat in the packages inside our steel trunks that hold our travelers' reports.

Our knowledge of our own countrymen, and our feelings about them have slowly and unconsciously grown out of innumerable facts, which are full of contradictions and subject to incessant change. They have the elusive mystery and fluidity of life. We cannot define to ourselves what we are as a whole, because we know too much; because our knowledge is more than knowledge. It is an immediate consciousness of personality, any evaluation of which carries some emotion, joy or sorrow, shame or exaltation. But in a foreign land, we try to find our compensation for the meagreness of our data by the compactness of the generalization which our imperfect sympathy itself helps us to form. When a stranger from the West travels in the Eastern world, he takes the facts that displease him and readily makes use of them for his rigid conclusions fixed upon the unchallengeable authority of his personal experience. It is like a man who has his own boat for crossing his village stream, but, on being compelled to wade across some strange watercourse, draws angry comparisons, as he goes, from every patch of mud and every pebble that his feet encounter.

Our mind has faculties which are universal, but its habits are insular. There are men who become impatient and angry at the least discomfort, when these habits are incommoded. In their idea of the next world, they probably conjure up the ghosts of their slippers and dressing-gowns, and expect the latch-key that opens their lodging-house door on earth to fit their door-lock in the other world. As travelers they are a failure; for they have grown too accustomed to their mental easy-chairs, and in their intellectual nature love home-comforts which are of local make, more than the realities of life, which, like earth itself, are full of ups and downs, yet are one in their rounded completeness.

The modern age has brought the geography of the earth near to us, but made it difficult for us to come into touch with man. We go to strange lands and observe; we do not live there. We hardly meet men, but only specimens of knowledge. We are in haste to seek for general types, and overlook individuals.

When we fall into the habit of neglecting to use the understanding that comes of sympathy, in our travels, our knowledge of foreign people grows insensitive, and therefore easily becomes both unjust and cruel in its character, and also selfish and contemptuous in its application. Such has, too often, been the case with regard to the meeting of Western people, in our days, with others to whom they do not recognize any obligation of kinship.

It has been admitted that the dealings between different races of men are not merely between individuals; that our mutual understanding is either aided, or else obstructed, by the general emanations forming the social atmosphere. These emanations are our collective ideas and collective feelings, generated according to special historical circumstances.

For instance, the caste-idea is a collective idea in India. When we approach an Indian, who is under the influence of this collective idea, he is no longer a pure individual, with his conscience fully awake to the judging of the value of a human being. He is more or less a passive medium for giving expression to the sentiment of a whole community.

*Delivered before The Community Forum, New York City, January 2, 1921.

It is evident that the caste-idea is not creative; it is merely institutional. It adjusts human beings according to some mechanical arrangement. It emphasizes, the negative side of the individual—his separateness. It hurts the complete truth in man.

In the West, also, the people have a certain collective idea that obscures their humanity. Let me try to explain what I feel about it.

Lately I went to visit some battle-fields of France, which had been devastated by war. The awful calm of desolution, which still bore wrinkles of pain,—death-struggles stiffened into ugly ridges,—brought before my mind the vision of a huge demon, which had no shape, no meaning, yet had two arms that could strike and break and tear, a gaping mouth that could devour, and bulging brains that could conspire and plan. It was a purpose, which had a living body, but no complete humanity to temper it. Because it was passion,—belonging to life, and yet not having the wholeness of life,—it was the most terrible of life's enemies.

Something of the same sense of oppression in a different degree, and the same desolation in a different aspect, is produced in my mind when I realize the touch of the West upon Eastern life—the West which, in its relation to us, is all plan and purpose incarnate, without any superfluous humanity.

I feel the contrast very strongly in Japan. In that country, the old world presents itself with some ideal of perfection, in which man has his varied opportunities of self-revelation in art, in ceremonial, in religious faith, and in customs expressing the poetry of social relationship. There one feels that deep delight of hospitality, which life offers to life. And side by side, in the same soil, stands the modern world, which is stupendously big and powerful, but inhospitable. It has no simple-hearted welcome for man. It is living; yet the incompleteness of life's ideal within it cannot but hurt humanity.

The wriggling tentacles of a cold-blooded utilitarianism, with which the West has grasped all the easily yielding succulent portions of the East, are causing pain and indignation throughout the Eastern countries. The West comes to us, not with the imagination and sympathy that create and unite; but with a shock of passion,—passion for power and wealth. This passion is a mere force, which has in it the principle of separation, of conflict.

I have been fortunate in coming into close touch with individual men and women of the Western countries, and have felt with them their sorrows and shared their aspirations. I have known that they seek the same God, who is my God—even those who deny Him. I feel certain, that, if the great light of culture be extinct in Europe, our horizon in the East will mourn in darkness. It does not hurt my pride to acknowledge that, in the present age, Western humanity has received its mission to be the teacher of the world; that her science, through the mastery of laws of matter, is to liberate human souls from the dark dungeon of matter. For this very reason, I have realized all the more strongly that the dominant collective idea in the Western countries is not creative. It is ready to enslave or kill individuals, to drug a great people with soul-killing poison, smudging their whole future with the black mist of stupefaction, and emasculating entire races of men to the utmost degree of helplessness. It is wholly wanting in spiritual power to blend and harmonize; it lacks the sense of the great personality of man.

The most significant fact of modern days is the fact that the West has met the East. Such a momentous meeting of humanity, in order to be fruitful, must have in its heart some great emotional idea, generous, and creative. There can be no doubt that God's choice has fallen upon the knights-errant of the West for the service of the present age; arms and armor have been given to them; but have they yet realized in their hearts the single-minded loyalty to their cause, which can resist all temptations of bribery from the devil? The world today is offered to the West. She will destroy it, if she does not use it for a great creation of man. The materials for such a creation are in the hands of science; but the creative genius is in Man's spiritual ideal.

When I was young, a stranger from Europe came to Bengal. He chose his lodging among the people of the country, shared with them their frugal diet and freely offered them his service. He found employment in the houses of the rich, teaching them French and German, and the money thus earned he spent to help poor students in buying books. This meant for him hours of walking in the midday heat of a tropical summer; for, intent upon exercising utmost economy, he refused to hire conveyances. He was pitiless in his exaction from himself of his resources, in money, time, and strength, to the point of privation; and all this for the sake of a people who were obscure, to whom he was not born, but whom he dearly loved. He did not come to us with a professional mission of teaching sectarian creeds; he had not in his nature the least trace of that self-sufficiency of goodness which humiliates by gifts the victims of its insolent benevolence. Though he did not know our language, he took every occasion to frequent our meetings and ceremonies; yet he was always afraid of intrusion and tenderly anxious lest he might offend us by his ignorance of our customs. At last, under the continual strain of work in an alien climate and surroundings, his health broke down. He died, and was cremated at our burning ground according to his express desire.

The attitude of his mind, the manner of his living, the object of his life, his modesty, his unstinted self-sacrifice for a people who had not even the power to give publicity to any benefaction bestowed upon them, were so utterly unlike anything we were accustomed to associate with the Europeans in India, that it gave rise in our mind to a feeling of love bordering upon awe.

We all have a realm of a private paradise in our mind, where dwell deathless memories of persons who brought some divine light to our life's experiences, who may not be known to others, and whose names have no place in the pages of history. Let me confess to you that this man lives as one of those immortals in the paradise of my individual life.

He came from Sweden; his name was Hammargren. What was most remarkable in the event of his coming to us in Bengal was the fact that, in his own country, he had chanced to read some works of my countryman, Ram Mohan Roy, and felt an immense veneration for his genius and his character. Ram Mohan Roy lived in the beginning of the last century, and it is no exaggeration to describe him as one of the immortal personalities of modern time. This young Swede had the unusual gift of a far-sighted intellect and sympathy, which enabled him, even from his distance of

space and time, and in spite of racial differences, to realize the greatness of Ram Mohan Roy. It moved him so deeply, that he resolved to go to the country which produced this great man, and offer her his service. He was poor, and he had to wait some time in England before he could earn his passage money to India.

There he came at last, and in reckless generosity of love utterly spent himself to the last breath of his life, away from home and kindred and all the inheritances of his motherland. His stay among us was too short to produce any outward result. He failed even to achieve during his life what he had in his mind, which was, to found, by the help of his scanty earnings, a library as a memorial to Ram Mohan Roy, and thus to leave behind him a visible symbol of his devotion.

But what I prize most in this European youth, who left no record of his life behind him, is not the memory of any service of good-will, but the precious gift of respect, which he offered to the people who are fallen upon evil times, and whom it is so easy to ignore or to humiliate. For the first time in modern days, this obscure individual from Sweden brought to our country the chivalrous courtesy of the West, a greeting of human fellowship.

The coincidence came to me with a great and delightful surprise when the Nobel prize was offered to me from Sweden. As a recognition of individual merit, it was of great value to me, no doubt; but it is the acknowledgment of the East as a collaborator with the Western continents, in contributing its riches to the common stock of civilization, which has an immense significance for the present age. It is the joining hands in comradeship of the two great hemispheres of the human world across the sea.

To-day the real East remains unexplored. The blindness of contempt is more hopeless than the blindness of ignorance, for contempt kills the light which ignorance merely leaves unignited. The East is waiting to be understood by the Western races in order not only to be able to give what is true in her, but also to be confident of her own mission.

In Indian history, the meeting of the Mussulman and the Hindu produced Akbar, the object of whose dream was the unification of hearts and ideals. It had all the glowing enthusiasm of a religion, and it produced an immediate and a vast result, even in his own lifetime.

But the fact still remains, that the Western mind, after centuries of contact with the East, has not evolved the enthusiasm of a chivalrous ideal, which can bring this age to its fulfillment. It is everywhere raising thorny hedges of exclusion, offering human sacrifices to national self-seeking. It has intensified the mutual feeling of envy among Western races themselves, as they fight over their spoils and display a carnivorous pride in their snarling rows of teeth.

We must again guard our minds from any encroaching distrust of the individuals of a nation. The active love of humanity, and the spirit of martyrdom for the cause of justice and truth, which I have met with in the Western countries, have been an immense lesson and inspiration to me. I have no doubt in my mind that the West owes its true greatness, not so much to its marvelous training of intellect, as to its spirit of service devoted to the welfare of man. Therefore, I speak with a personal feeling of pain and sadness about the collective power which is guiding the helm of Western civilization. It is a passion, not an ideal. The more success it has brought to Europe, the more costly it will prove to her at last, when the accounts have to be rendered. And the signs are unmistakable that the accounts have been called for. The time has come, when Europe must know that the forcible parasitism, which she has been practicing upon the two large Continents of the world,—the two most unwieldy whales of humanity,—must be causing to her moral nature a gradual atrophy and degeneration.

As an example, let me quote the following extract from the concluding chapter of "From the Cape to Cairo," by Messrs. Grogan and Sharp, who have the power to inculcate their doctrines both by precept and by example. In their reference to the African they are candid, as when they say, "We have stolen his land. Now we must steal his limbs." These two sentences, carefully articulated, with a smack of enjoyment, have been more clearly explained in the following statement, where some sense of that decency which is the attenuated ghost of a buried conscience prompts the writers to use the phrase, "compulsory labor," in place of the honest word "slavery"; just as the modern politician adroitly avoids the word "possession" and uses the word "mandate." "Compulsory labor in some form," they say, "is the corollary of our occupation of the country." And they add; "It is pathetic, but it is history"—implying thereby that moral sentiments have no serious effect in the history of human beings.

Elsewhere they write: "Either we must give up the country commercially, or we must make the African work. And mere abuse of those who point out the impasse cannot change the facts. We must decide and soon. Or rather the white man of South Africa will decide." The authors also confess, that they have seen too much of the world "to have any lingering belief that Western Civilization benefits native races."

The logic is simple—the logic of egoism. But the argument is simplified by lopping off the greater part of the premise. For these writers seem to hold that the only important question for the white men of South Africa is, how indefinitely to grow fat on ostrich feathers and diamond mines and dance jazz dances over the misery and degradation of a whole race of fellow beings of a different color from their own. Possibly they believe that moral laws have a special domesticated breed of comfortable concessions for the service of the people in power. Possibly they ignore the fact that commercial and political cannibalism, profitably practised upon foreign races, creeps back nearer home; that the cultivation of unwholesome appetites has its final reckoning with the stomach that has been made to serve it. For, after all, man is a spiritual being, and not a mere living money-bag jumping from profit to profit, and breaking the backbone of human races in its leap-frog of bulging prosperity.

Such, however, has been the condition of things for more than a century; and to-day, trying to read the future by the light of the European conflagration, we are asking ourselves everywhere in the East: "Is this frightfully overgrown power really great? It can bruise us from without; but can it add to our wealth of spirit? It can sign peace treaties; but can it give peace?"

It was about two thousand years ago that all-powerful Rome, in one of its eastern provinces, executed on a cross a simple teacher of an obscure tribe of fishermen. On that day, the Roman Governor felt no falling off of his appetite or sleep. On that day, there was, on the one hand, the agony, the humiliation, the death;

on the other, the pomp of pride and festivity in the Governor's palace.

And to-day? To whom, then, shall we bow the head? *Kasmai devaya havisha vidhema?* "To which God shall we offer oblation?"

We know of an instance in our own history of India, when a great personality, both in his life and voice, struck the keynote of the solemn music of the soul, love for all creatures. And that music crossed seas, mountains, and deserts. Races belonging to different climates, habits, and languages were drawn together, not in the clash of arms, not in the conflict of exploitation, but in harmony of life, in amity and peace. That was creation.

When we think of it, we see at once what the confusion of thought was, to which the Western poet, dwelling upon the difference between East and West, referred, when he said "Never the twain shall meet." It is true that they are not yet showing any real sign of meeting. But the reason is, because the West has not sent out its humanity to meet the man in the East, but only its machine. Therefore, the poet's line has to be changed into something like this,

> Man is man, machine is machine,
> And never the twain shall wed.

You must know that red tape can never be a common human bond; that official sealing-wax can never provide means of mutual attachment; that it is a painful ordeal for human beings to have to receive favors from animated pigeon-holes, and condescensions from printed circulars that give notice, but never speak. The presence of the Western people in the East is a human fact. If we are to gain anything from them, it must not be a mere sum-total of legal codes and systems of civil and military services. Man is a great deal more to man than that. We have our human birthright to claim direct help from the man of the West, if he has anything great to give us. It must come to us, not through mere facts in juxtaposition, but through the spontaneous sacrifice made by those who have the gift, and therefore the responsibility.

Earnestly I ask the poet of the Western world to realize and sing to you, with all the great power of music which he has, that the East and the West are ever in search of each other, and that they must meet, not merely in the fullness of physical strength, but in fullness of truth; that the right hand, which wields the sword, has the need of the left, which holds the shield of safety.

The East has its seat in the vast plains watched over by the snow-peaked mountains, and fertilized by rivers carrying mighty volumes of water to the sea. There, under the blaze of a tropical sun, the physical life has bedimmed the light of its vigor, and lessened its claims. There man has had the repose of mind which has ever tried to set itself in harmony with the inner notes of existence. In the silence of sunrise and sunset, and on star-crowded nights, he has sat face to face with the infinite, waiting for the revelation that opens up the heart of all that there is. He has said, in a rapture of realization,—

"Hearken to me, ye children of the Immortal, who dwell in the Kingdom of Heaven. I have known, from beyond darkness, the Supreme Person, shining with the radiance of the sun."

The man from the East, with his faith in the eternal, who in his soul has met the touch of the Supreme Person—has he never come to you in the West and spoken to you of the Kingdom of Heaven? Did he not unite the East and the West in truth, in the unity of one spiritual bond between all children of the Immortal, in the realization of one great Personality in all human persons?

Yes, the East did meet the West profoundly in the growth of her life. Such union became possible, because the East came to the West with the ideal that is creative, and not with the passion that destroys moral bonds. The mystic consciousness of the infinite which she brought with her, was greatly needed by the man of the West, to give him his balance.

On the other hand, the East must find her own balance in Science—the magnificent gift that the West can bring to her. Truth has its nest as well as its sky. That nest is definite in structure, accurate in law of construction; and though it has to be changed and rebuilt over and over again, the need of it is never-ending and its laws are eternal. For some centuries the East has neglected the nest-building of truth. She has not been attentive to learn its secret. Trying to cross the trackless infinite, the East has relied solely upon her wings. She has spurned the earth, till, buffeted by storms, her wings are hurt and she is tired, sorely needing help. But need she then be told that the messenger of the sky and the builder of the nest shall never meet? *Rabindranath Tagore.*

The Modern Review, Calcutta, India.

O LAND OF HIGH ENDEAVOR!

O land of high endeavor,
O country of the free,
Forever and forever
Our hope is set on thee!

Jehovah! Father of mankind,
Thy ways thro' slow-evolving years,
Thy groping children seek—and find
Thro' storm and stress, thro' blood and tears!

Here have they come from every clime,
Led by Thy mighty guiding hand,
All—in the fulness of Thy time—
To make one common Fatherland.

O land of high endeavor,
O country of the free,
Forever and forever
Our hope is set on thee!

Brooklyn, N. Y.

With vision dim, and minds in thrall,
Yet yearning all for Truth and Right,
In differing tongues on Thee we call,
And pray for strength, and wait for light.

Not always have our hands been clean;
With stumbling feet the way we've trod;
But when Thy Perfect Law is seen,
Fresh courage leads us on with God!

And clearer still the vision grows,
The while we humbly seek Thy face;
Assured from out our anguish-throes
Shall rise a glorious Human Race!

O land of high endeavor,
O country of the free,
Forever and forever
Our faith stands fast in Thee!

JENNIE TURNER POWERS.

Armistice Day Thoughts

We are bidden on this Armistice day to turn our hearts in reverence and devotion to that spot where America's "Unknown Warrior" lies in state. We are further reminded that the obsequies incidental to the interment of the "Unknown Soldier" are intended to stimulate the consciousness of America to increased ardor to that cause for which the hero gave the last full measure of devotion. We are told that here is a classic, nay supreme example of consecration to duty and to fatherland in unstinted measure of self-abnegation and of self-sacrifice. Alas, this is only too true! We, too, would shed a tear with all other Americans at the warrior shrine and in thought reverently place a spray upon the sacred bier.

We feel the import of this day's significance deeply. We are moved to thought on such an occasion as this at the strange ways of man. While we would not diminish one iota of the honor due that "Unknown Soldier" whose mortality lies casketed in the rotunda of America's capitol, may we not marvel at the idiocies of men and of nations? May we not seriously question whether religion and all of the forces of culture of which the modern world boasts, have really been so potent an influence as some of us, who are concerned with things other than of trade and barter, imagine? We have for countless centuries professed a faith which visioned a peace universal, when men will no longer learn the arts of war, and now a nation in its official capacity ordains honors to him who wielded the sword. Shall we call ourselves lunatics or hypocrites? Dare we be frank with ourselves and not for a moment bandy in platitudes? Nations professing ideals which cannot possibly be realized except through the power of love and understanding and mutual forbearance, undertake to apotheosize him who, as that nation's agent, wielded the instrumentalities of hatred and intolerance. If we may believe the planet Mars tenanted and sight to be be one of the attributes of those tenants, then must needs our spinning earth appear as a mad-house to them.

America dedicates this Armistice day to her warrior dead. This day an international gathering of diplomats convenes to arrive at some understanding as to the problems of peace and war. These diplomats, most of whom have received their training in the schools of Machiavelli and Metternich, are gathered to deliberate as to the destinies of mankind. We know the fibre out of which diplomats are made. Have not Vienna and Frankfort, and more recently Versailles, given us abundant evidence of what diplomats with their diplomacy can do? Have not the machinations of the so-called "leaders" of men, with their fine phrases and pious and unctious mouthings, confounded the sacred counsels of the human race and turned the profoundest teachings of seer and prophet into mock and scorn? Throughout the centuries, mankind has, more or less falteringly, held aloft the sacred torch, lighting the path to human brotherhood, and cherished the ideal of the unity of mankind. What, if not this, is the meaning of the great ancient empires, of the medieval conception of the church universal, of the Holy Roman Empire, and in recent days of the more or less dimly perceived world-state?

For ages we have been fed upon the dastardly, nay, criminal folly that war—the greatest of all illusions—was finality itself in the relationship of people with people, that war was, as the Latin has it, virtue, the highest courage, the supreme expression of true manhood. This insanity, born of chaos and darkest night, has been drilled and drilled into the heart of man for ages, until most men have come to believe that war is an institution "ordained" by Nature. The joy and beauty of life have been identified with military glory, with bloodshed and horror, with man's clutching the throat of fellowman. The guerdon of praise has been heaped upon him who has been most successful as a despoiler and murderer. He it was who was looked upon as a hero, as worthy of respect and honor. On this Armistice day, we are prompted to ask the question which the great mystic Maeterlinck asks, "Dare we hope that humanity will one day renounce these monstrous follies and that they will become altogether impossible?"

We would not be unduly pessimistic. On this very Armistice day, when the Conference "for peace and good will among men" is to be declared, the public press announces as follows: "France has completed negotiations with Jugo-Slavia for partition of German Austria." A strange way of fostering peace and good will, indeed! We are strongly reminded of the logic of the usurer who having conscientious scruples against charging more than six per cent interest on his loan, nevertheless charged nine per cent with the comforting thought that a beneficent Providence, in looking down from the celestial abode, would regard the nine as a six. Such, indeed, is the sophisticated morality of nations who profess the teachings of the lowly Nazarene.

We say that we would not be unduly pessimistic, but we know how modern diplomats, using the deepest and noblest traits of human nature—consciousness of family and tribal relationships—have shaped these relationships to suit their own purposes. To bolster up their nefarious designs, they have sanctified tribal morality into a "patriotism" which demands exclusions and tribal conceptions of honor; "My Country, right or wrong." My Country, forsooth! They have identified patriotism with mountain-high coverings of military clap-trap, with its own code of "honor" reminiscent of cave and jungle. To those lofty souls who have dared to vision mankind as living in peace and harmony with each other, turning their energies into constructive channels for human happiness and realization, they have dared to impugn motives of the basest sort. Not to worship at the shrine of Mars, with his great glory, was to damn one with eternal damnation.

Armistice day, we feel, may come to be a new day of dedication. We are in hopes that America may yet lead the way to a new understanding among the peoples of earth. We feel that the statesmen of our own beloved land, unaffected by the guile and sinister ambitions of the old world diplomats, may, through example and generosity of heart, which we know America feels toward her sister nations, lead to a new ideal and a new understanding. Perhaps this day may prove to be the great day of reconciliation of the nations and a parting of the way from the old predatory morality to the newer ethical consecration of human life and human purpose. Perhaps this Conference may, as the Prophet of old declared, "Prepare ye the way," help to bring nearer that mutual forbearance and sympathy which the better instincts of mankind dictate.

We confidently look forward to the time when through education and the further progress of the arts, men will come to regard war not as the highest expres-

sion of love for fatherland, but rather the basest treason and the vilest betrayal of home and country, when arms and armament will not constitute the glory of the land, but the toiling citizens—toiling in free and creative endeavor to build life on a higher plane than that of cave and jungle, will be the true glory of the state in which life's highest expressions will be duty and service to all that exalts and exhilarates, leading to deeper consecration and making of the world a realm of delight. This is our hope and our prayer as we ponder the significance of Armistice day.

S. D. SCHWARTZ.

Captains or Comrades in Industry?

Not many years ago when the United States was developing some of its great capitalists and industrial organizers, the term "captains of industry" came into vogue. The appellation was meant to be complimentary,—indicative of outstanding ability and leadership in the economic world. It aptly described such men as Carnegie, Rockefeller and Morgan, who organized resources and commanded men.

But the term is more than a compliment,—it is a revelation of the psychology of the industrial life of a few decades ago. A captain is a military authority who exercises his power in an arbitrary way. He commands, and it becomes the duty of the private to render unthinking obedience. He is in a caste of officers which is set over against the caste of men. He does not consult his men, he orders them. The good captain is the man who inspires the company to rush into death when the company does not know what all the killing is about. Captaincy and Kaiserism are psychologically synonymous.

It is not without a subtle reason that the term "captain" is used with reference to the great leaders in industrial organization. They command, and the workers obey. They do not consult, ask advice, or say "by your leave." Their psychology is that of a caste which has been accustomed to service from their inferiors in rank. They are Kaisers.

There is no more fundamental difficulty in the industrial world today than the "captain" psychology which many big business men insist upon retaining, in the midst of the greatest urge toward democracy the world has ever known. It is pathetic, menacing, and altogether past understanding that men with keen minds do not understand the main currents in contemporary life. They become insulated with their own narrow interests, and incapable of receiving impressions from outside forces. If the war has meant anything, it means the discrediting of militarism. But in the sphere of industry large numbers have yet to realize the fact. Kaiserism lurks in this sphere.

Another ideal is gradually developing, the ideal of comradeship in all the relations of life. Comradeship knows no caste. Comrades do not command or obey, they counsel and advise. Comradeship is democracy, is "all for each and each for all." Such an ideal has received a tremendous impetus during the last few years, and it is destined to spread because the idea is in itself just and progressive. The world found that it could not be safe while half Kaiseristic and half free. So in industry we are beginning to discover that the world can not be safe if it is to be half "captaincy" and half "comradeship." CLARENCE R. SKINNER.

A Book a Week

Mary Badollet Powell Memorial

THE MAKING OF A REPUBLIC. By Kevin R. O'Shiel. Dublin: The Talbot Press, Ltd.

As one surveys the United States today and notes the conspicuous absence of civil liberty one wonders if the American revolution ever really occurred and whether, if so, it had any permanent effect upon the people concerned. It seems impossible that the descendants of the rebels of Bunker Hill could have submitted to the crushing indignity of conscription, or that the progeny of the readers of the pamphlets of Thomas Paine could ever tolerate the studied bigotry and deception of the American press in our day. Yet both the draft and the New York *Times* were real enough, and Eugene Debs and many others are still in jail. It would be well perhaps if we were to advocate the rereading of the earlier chapters of this nation's history. Surely a people who began so well are not to fail at this stage of the game.

The present volume is an Irish history of the struggle between the American colonies and "the mother country." It has the virtue of brevity, is thorough in concept and organization and is written attractively. It contains a few obvious errors and over-emphasizes certain trivial incidents, like, for example, Colonel Crilly's performance at the battle of Bennington; but on the whole it is a valuable contribution to historical literature of the more deservedly popular type. Amateurs, rather than professionals, will find it useful; but it makes no scientific pretensions of any sort and requires no defence or apology.

Mr. O'Shiel's purpose in writing this work was in the way of making answer to the frequent questions from modern Irish republicans concerning the origin of American independence; in its colloquial form this inquiry takes the form of "Just how did the States break away?" In 1750 both the American colonies and Ireland were vassal tributaries of the British crown; the American rebellion against this tyranny was successful: how was it done? Mr. O'Shiel tells the story. Unfortunately, he does not add to his history any statement of the changes time has made in the problem; perhaps he did not feel that he was justified in so doing. It is, however, a matter of fascinating significance that Ireland's present struggle for freedom calls forth not the old-fashioned warfare of Washington's day but rather the incomparably more terrible opposition of a militant empire that has learned all the awful efficiency of scientific war; the Irish rebel of 1921 is bombed, gassed, shelled, poisoned, burned, tortured, by means of the very latest inventions; Washington's Continentals knew nothing of these refinements. So Ireland's struggle is more difficult. The moral sense of the world has not kept pace with the development of military efficiency. Capitalism, also, was undreamed of in the eighteenth century; Ireland is not only fighting imperialism today but also world-capitalism. Ireland, for all its rebellion, is an asset to the British crown; world-capitalism does not want that asset lost.

But, returning to the book as it is, America did have a revolution once upon a time and from that revolution was born into nationhood. And Ireland's present dream is something very like the dream of the authors of our Declaration of Independence. These facts are not to be forgotten. A little revolution, a progressive change,

now and again, is as necessary to the life of a people as enthusiasm is to the life of an individual.

One point which Mr. O'Shiel makes very forcefully is that the American revolution was actually the work of a small, but of course active, minority. The majority of the people of the thirteen colonies did not care to be independent of English rule; they were not asked for their opinion, either. A certain group, led in the beginning by Samuel Adams, desired separation from Britain, and they were adroit enough to accomplish their purposes. The stolid majority faced an actual fact when the Declaration was signed, and that fact was secured by the surrender of Cornwallis at Yorktown.

Indeed, there was organized opposition by thousands of Tories in the colonies just as there is "shoneenism" in Ireland today. These American Tories were a cruel and shameless lot, in all conscience, as witness the Wyoming Valley massacre. That they were beaten in the end was but justice; and that the new nation treated them generously, despite their crimes, is a thing of which we may still be proud.

Something of the colonies' economic struggle during the revolution is also shown in Mr. O'Shiel's volume. The country was poor, war-harried, disorganized; but the armies had to be kept in the field. The oft-told story of the winter at Valley Forge is a very appealing narrative, and it will do no one harm to read it again. That Washington's army suffered so, be it noted, was largely due to the profiteers and other thieves who preyed upon the several states in their days of trial.

One has a new appreciation of the magnitude of the struggle when one has re-read its history and one is filled with a new appreciation of the fact that we have lost our grip on most of the liberties it brought us, and that the retrieving of those liberties is the vital business of this moment. In America our enemy is not the British government, as it is in Erin, but the not less dangerous lassitude of our own minds and the inertia of our own hearts. Ireland has had a spiritual rebirth in the past ten years, but America slumbers.

It is about time we had an American Sinn Fein movement. We are as much in need of independence as the Irish people, and we have not yet realized the fact. There is less freedom in the United States now than there was in the thirteen colonies in 1750, and there is more need of free thinking and free acting than there ever was before in the whole history of the world. We must regain what we have lost—that personal independence which calls forth the best in a man's character and prompts him to attempt brave deeds for his soul's sake.

JAMES WALDO FAWCETT.

APPOINTMENTS.

I cannot dine with you today
And hear how all your wealth does good,
I have an appoinment with a thrush
That sings in a distant wood.

I cannot dance with you tonight
And hear your voice above each tune—
I have an appointment with a wind
That sings to greet the moon.

—*Glenn Ward Dresbach.*

"Morning, Noon and Night."
(Four Seas Company, Boston.)

CORRESPONDENCE

Readable Books

To the Editors of UNITY:

With regard to your comments upon my list of readable books in "The Book of Life," I suspect that you took this list from Heywood Broun's article in the New York *World,* rather than from the book itself. I wrote to Mr. Broun explaining that he had done me an injustice in his comment on this list of books. The list was presented in a particular way and for a particular audience. It was not offered as a list of "best books" for the general reader; obviously, it would have been absurd from such a point of view. If you will consult "The Book of Life," a copy of which I send you herewith (p. 164), you will see that it is offered as a list of entertaining fiction to be read by tired working men. I selected books which require no mental effort, but would carry the reader along by their wealth of vivid incident. It was my idea that people who ordinarily found they could not read books, would by this means be made aware of the pleasures of the imagination. And you criticize me for not including in such a list a novel by Dostoevsky, which I myself found too painful and trying to read!

Please study my list from the point of view set forth in "The Book of Life," and then I will be interested in any additions or corrections you may have to suggest.

Sincerely,

UPTON SINCLAIR.

[Mr. Sinclair's surmise is correct—we based our editorial comment on Heywood Broun's article in the New York *World.* We regret that we thus misinterpreted Mr. Sinclair's purpose, and are glad here to make correction. Once again we are taught that it is never safe or just to base judgment on anything but first-hand information!—ED.]

Parables

(1) THEN.

There was a certain rich man. He stole money from a bank. This being against the law he was tried and put in prison.

Now after some time had elapsed, his health began to fail, for he was an old man.

Thereupon his wife circulated a petition among the rich and those in high authority, asking his release on the ground that he would die unless he were set free.

Finally the petition came to the President of these United States, and the President was moved with compassion and gave the rich man his freedom.

Thereupon the rich man and his wife went abroad, his health improved, and he is still alive.

(2) NOW.

There was a certain poor man. He said he did not believe in war. This being against the law he was tried and put in prison. He was also an old man and frail.

Thereupon his friends circulated petitions among all the people asking his release on the ground that he had done nothing wrong.

Finally these petitions came to the President of these United States, but the President hardened his heart and would not give the poor man his freedom.

And so the poor man is still in prison.

CLARA A. SKINNER.

THE FIELD.

"The World is my country, to do good is my Religion"

THE SOCIAL PULPIT IN AMERICA.

Mr. E. V. Lucas, during his brief stay in America, noted a strange lack of the spiritual life, and the other day a regular contributor to this page made a pointed comment on the secularization of the American pulpit. A certain kind of preaching, "G. J." wrote, had found its most congenial soil in the United States. "There," he added, "it commonly takes the form of addresses on current topics, social questions, and such-like; the pulpit is transformed into a miscellaneous lecture platform, and the distinctively Christian message gives way to a syllabus sometimes quite unblushing in its secularity." This phenomenon seems to the critic a matter for lamentation; but it is so widespread and so distinctive that the subject may well be pursued further, more especially as the British public is for the most part uninformed in regard to the significant developments of American society.

"I have no opinion of oncers," Mr. Gladstone used to say, in allusion to the people who put in a single attendance at Sunday church. In America it is the churches which have established, or rather enforced, the practice of "onceing." The rule is morning service only; if a second service is held, it is apt to be of a special character. Further, the long, hot American summer, with the custom of the family removal to the holiday home in the hills or by the sea, actually puts the city church out of action for some two months of the year. The inevitable consequence is that the preaching ministry fills in American church life a much smaller place than the place it continues to fill in this country. But the one-service Sunday and the long vacation do not entirely account for the "secularization" of the pulpit. There are many other contributory causes, some of them directly related to the specific question to which "G. J." has called attention.

The average American church, as a rule, is much more of a modern business than are any of ours, with the possible exception of a few great institutional centres. A church with good halls and classrooms is described as a well-equipped plant. Between its organization and that of a commercial house there is little or no difference. The successful minister must be an administrator. His time is absorbed in a routine of committee and executive work; and, like the American college principal, he tends to become a concentrated business man. It would be absurd to expect that in such circumstances a minister could devote himself to the special and exacting labor of preaching in the old sense. Moreover, America does not, I understand, provide opportunities for theological study and for training in orthodox methods of sermon preparation comparable with those of Europe; and, seeing that the American minister of religion is primarily a civic servant, his pulpit work necessarily follows certain lines, which are not "evangelical" and are anything but academic. I know, for example, among many others of his kind, an able and devoted minister in Buffalo, who to the exacting duties of his own church and pulpit has voluntarily added the burden of an educational or expository address on some great subject of the day, delivered on Sunday evening to a large audience in a theatre; and this he has kept up for nearly twenty years. Manchester, if I remember rightly, has long been familiar with this kind of social preaching. Arthur Mursell was engaged in it at the Free Trade Hall sixty years ago, and he has had a continuous line of successors. It is difficult to avoid the conclusion that if the Church insists upon making its minister a man of business it must separate the business from the pulpit and institute an Order of Preachers.

But this is the controversial aspect of a subject not without importance, and in this article I want to speak of two positive developments in American Church activity.

The speaker from England is constantly invited to speak from the pulpit on Sunday afternoon or evening. It is understood that he chooses a subject in which he is himself particularly interested or upon which he may have special knowledge. Practically the range is unlimited. He may select a public question, or may give to his discourse a definitely ethical or religious turn. No inquiry, so far as I know, is made as to his creed or no-creed. The occasion may be called a vesper service, in which case the discourse will be preceded by a short devotional exercise, in which it is rare indeed for the stranger, whatever his proclivities or prejudices, to find anything offensive or incongruous. More frequently nowadays the meeting is not a service but an "open forum," and in that case the speaker almost invariably chooses a present-day topic. It is treated frankly as a matter of debate, and the outstanding feature is the ensuing question period, lasting often as long as the address. The open forum movement has spread over the country during the past ten years, in some cities making its way through the churches, in others getting a hold of the community by virtue of a free platform created independently—as in the notable pioneer enterprise conducted in Ford Hall, Boston, for thirteen consecutive years under the leadership of Mr. George W. Coleman. It is especially worth noting that nowhere in the United States is a speaker from England more assured of a cordial welcome and a sympathetic hearing than from the audience at an open forum, whether in the cities of the East or of the Middle West.

The second development, of a kindred nature, which deserves the attention of English people is the Community Church. It would be accurate, I think, to say that this is not a single movement, but the varied expression of a social need which was accentuated during the years of war. In some places it was marked by the practical union of churches in a district: I have spoken at meetings that represented the joint activity of half a dozen, including the Episcopalian and the Unitarian. In a new neighborhood, again, the Community Church may be the result of a deliberate effort to keep out the sects from the beginning. But the movement which I have here particularly in mind is the Community Church started two years ago as sequel to a rather sensational impulse on the part of a Unitarian society in the heart of New York City, following the lead of Mr. John Haynes Holmes, of the Church of the Messiah. A few months after the inauguration of the new fellowship—which was designed to provide a spiritual home for men and women, without thought of race, color, or form of religious expression—the

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church building was destroyed by fire. As a consequence the Sunday morning service is held in one of the large theatres off Broadway, and it says much for the power of the minister and his colleagues, and for the sincerity of their enterprise, that a great congregation is held together week after week in circumstances which, one might have thought, would be fatal to any endeavor after communal worship or meditation. John Haynes Holmes, it should be added, is eloquent in a particular manner that is almost unknown today among his countrymen or ours. In political and social opinion he is a radical, and an outspoken opponent of war. And if an English inquirer or critic were to ask him for a short statement of the spirit of the Community Church, he would probably answer in the words of a poem by one of the younger poets of New York, Louis Untermeyer:

Ever insurgent let me be,
Make me more daring than devout;
From sleek contentment keep me free,
And fill me with a buoyant doubt!

Manchester Guardian. —*S. K. R.*

DUTY TO CIVILIZATION

A Pamphlet answering many questions as to the causes of the Great War, written by FRANCIS NEILSON, author of "How Diplomats Make War," etc., Editor of THE FREEMAN and Associate Editor of UNITY.

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